# JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

## ed Cross Work Is Progressing in Bar Harbor and Miss Jessie Rawley Bride of Army Other Resorts-Nancy Wynne Chats About a Great Many Things

THE Red Cross is progressing greatly in Bar Harbor. Hundreds of bandages and surgical dressings are being made under the supervision of Mrs. Harrison Dulles surgical dressings that and a number of associates. The other women on the com-Mrs. Edgar 1. See the Comstee are New Justing sewing and knitting; among them Mrs. Lewis Ashburst, ekrooms busing the summer there; Mrs. Mason Campbell, Mrs. Walter Bryant, Mrs. e Bighman, Sr., Mrs. John Harrison, Mrs. Madison Taylor and Mrs. John B.

MRS. WALTON CLARK, JR.

who was Miss Elizabeth Du Puy Scott. Mr. and

brave work.

member of the ambulance corps, is with

them, but he will sail shortly to resume

his duties as an ambulance driver. He

has his own car, and has done some very

SUE BRUCE CHASE is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Arthur Bruce, of Ger-

mantown, at her home in Radnor, Every

one says Sue is very happily married.

Wasn't it a pretty wedding? Quite one

mean that for a pun. I really didn't.

their heavenly crown by saying, 'Oh! come

en they her me and are so polite the really try to make me think they want

me. Well, I just won't go." And though

so, I suddenly realized that perhaps some

time she had seen these two gazing into

each other's orbs and so oblivious to any

one else she feared they might suddenly

be "taken" that way when she was with them and could not stand it. And, of

course, the two were blissfully uncon-

scious that they could embarrass any one

and can't see why she won't go. "Why,

what do you expect us to do? We never

act foolishly," say they, and so it goes.

CLOTHES may not make the man, but

seriously. A young person of my ac-

quaintance started out one evening with

a young man of her acquaintance to take

a ride through the Park. He was in his

powerful yellow roadster, and, inciden-

tally in a brand new straw hat and brand

clean white trousers and a brand pressed

coat, and a wonderful humor. They

rode all through the winding drives of the

Park and up around those delightful

"high places," where you can look out

The lights of your car flash straight

ahead, of course, and when you come to

a curve it looks like the "jumping off

place," and you get terribly thrilled. Well,

anyhow they had a beautiful ride, and

then the young man remembered that

he had to make a business call on the

Not discovering any such conveniences

growing on the trees in the Park, they

hunted up a drug store in West Phila-

delphia, and the young man got out and

The girl in the car thought how well he

looked in his "whites," as they say in the

navy, and wondered also how her hair

looked and whether her hat was all right,

for she knew he would ask her to come

in and have a sundae, and she wanted to

look as well as he did. No sooner had

the thought entered her head than the

object of all this speculation emerged

from the drug store, having walked right

in and turned around again and walked

right out. She looked her amazement,

he grinned sheepishly: "Got a nickel?" he

"No," she answered, saying good-by to the thought of the sundae. "Neither

have I," he said, starting his engine. "I

haven't a penny, either. I've left it all in

my other suit," and then he continued

through the Park once more. Every sil-

ver lining brings its little cloud along

Still, it's a pretty imprudent thing for

a young man to go out in his car with-

out a cent in his pocket, especially if he

has a girl with him whom he might have

asked, getting into the car.

with it, you know.

over the river and get the cool breezes-

if there are any.

telephone.

entered the store.

sometimes they do affect his life most

Most en, who are so ctive during the winer here in this good work, felt that they must take their energy and good will them or else with them or else work, for because every one at home was having a summer vacation was no reason that the soldiers in the trenches or training and in our own shate their watchfulsess and care for a minute. As the need was as great as ever, the Red Cross was taken work was taken with them, and all the country they are as busy at the summer resorts they were and

THEY tell me that the John Norrisses have deserted Narragansett this year for Newport. tractive small person, and though she lacks her mother's statusqueness and great

are now at home.

Mrs. Clark are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter on Sunday, July 29. sauty is some little good-looker herself, and, besides, is a really great favorite. Tisa is to be a bridesmaid for Pauline liston and John Wanamaker, 3d, when they are married on August 11. Lisa nd Pauline both lived in Chestnut Hill kiddies, and though Pauline has Lisa eaten by a year or so on the age question, they were always very good friends from the times when, dressed in Irishace-trimmed frocks and huge bonnets, they walked hand in hand along Norwood avenue just in front of their gov-

THERE certainly were a bunch of people up at Fort Niagara over the weeknd. So many of the younger matrons have cottages up there this season, and bey are all keeping open house, it seems to me. Mrs. Roddy Page and Mrs. Quincy adams Gillmore have one together and are constantly entertaining. The Paul mpsons have been up there visiting om, who is in the camp. Speaking of the mp, I wonder who is the barber there? su see I have been reading George ooke, 3d's, effusion on the First City mop on the Mexican border, and in it says that Flo Rivinus and Saunders Meade were the barbers, and he insinthe two and Saunders, alas is not at the ning camp, so what do you suppose they have all done? They are a bit arer to civilization, however, than they ere at El Paso.

AND while on the subject of El Paso we have with us in our midst today liss Betty Scott Clark, who made her to the world on Sunday in Atlantic City. El Paso made me think of Walton ark, Jr., and so naturally I would turn the glad news I heard today that he nd Betty are being congratulated on the birth of a little daughter. She came town at the Nevada Apartments, where Betty is spending the summer, and I just does seem mighty nice that she ne to see her father before he has to to France, as he will soon with the nd Artillery, for he is a captain of one of the regiments.

You remember how romantic their wed the was last year at Mount Gretna, when Betty decided in a day's time to be carried and collected what few members her family she could together and married up there a week or two before the troops went down to the bor-

Later she moved down to El Paso and kept house for several months in a bun-ralow there. Betty is awfully pretty. and they tell me the little daughter is ity. I am so glad for them all.

HE Warner Earnshaws are again going to Alaska for the season. This Mrs. Boulton Earnshaw, who went ith them last season, will stay at her thut Hill home to work for the Red coss. Mr. and Mrs. Warner Earnshaw tried for the West on Thursday. She a New Yorker, you know, and has very popular here since she married her and came to Philadelphia to live. Boulton Earnshaw was Olive Potter, ughter of Mrs. Thomas Potter, who ne of the most indefatigable of the Cross workers in the city. Indeed, may almost always count on finding Mrs. Potter or Mrs. Earnshaw at Red Cross headquarters on Walnut in the Stock Exchange Building, time one might stop in.

AND MRS. HENRY KELLAR KURTZ, JR., of Benezet street, t Hill, are occupying the home F. Kurtz's parents, on School House n Germantown, while they are Mrs. Kurtz. Jr., was Anna Longa sister of Mrs. Stanley Pierson a. Karl Dodge. As I told you last the Karl Dodges have come from and are to live here from now ad all their friends are positutely

to walk all the way home if he had a puncture or accident of some kind. The clwars best to gaze into one's pockets to Simonins have gone up to to where they are over-to walk



Officer in Lewiston

Among the recent romantic army wed-dings was that of Miss Jessie Rawley, head of the department of mathematics in the Girls' Normal School, daughter of Mr. Harry Rawley, of Jessie and School, daughter of Mr. Rawley, of Lyceum avenue, Roxborough, and Captain Thomas Boyian, of the United States Calvary Reserves. The ceremony, which was advanced from the date arranged owing to the uncertainty of military orders, took place last Thursday merning in St. Peter's Church, Lewiston, near Niagara, where the captain is stationed, and was perwhere the captain is stationed, and was per-formed by the Rev. George A. Crimmen, rector of the parish, the Bishop of Buffalo having given a special dispensation for the marriage without the customary notice. The bride, who is charming in appearance, was attired in a frock of soft white silk with a hat of white satin and lace. Of course, the bridegroom was in uniform. Mrs Amalia Hiller, of Stella, Niagara, was matron of honor, and Mr. Francis Crimmen, of Boston, was best man. After the ceremony there was a breakfast at the beautiful convent of the Franciscan Sisters, at Stella, where the bride will remain until August 11 and then go into Canada. A week-end wedding trip is planned, but sudden orders may interfere. The bride helped to organize the Red Cross auxiliary at the Normal School, where she is much admired both by the faculty and pupils. Captain Boylan is a graduate of the Central High School, class of 1896, and of the University of Pennsylvania in 1899, the year he was admitted to the bar.

#### CHESTNUT HILL FAMILY SPENDS SUMMER IN MAINE

Some Germantown People Spend Part of Summer at Home

and Mrs. Philemon Dickinson and Mr. and Mrs. Phienion Drokinson and their family, of Stenton avenue and New street, Chestnut Hill, have gone to North-east Harbor for the remainder of the sum-mer. Mrs. Dickinson was Miss Mildred Dulaney, of Baltimore, and is a sister of Mrs. Walter W. L. Fotterall, whose wedding took place in June.\_\_\_\_

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hine Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Faward the John 2211 Walnut street, have gone to West Hampton Beach. L. I., for the remainder of the summer and Mr. and Mrs. E. Earle Johnson, of Chestnut Hill, are still home with their children and will not leave town until some time in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers Cartright Jr., 138 Highland avenue, Chestnut Hill, will also go to West Hampton Beach, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Cartright's father, Mr. John W. Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick N. Simonin, of East Willow Grove avenue, Chestnut Hill, have had Miss Kathleen McDonough as their guest over the week-end.

Mrs. Samuel Knox and her daughter, Miss Jean Knox, of Upsal street, German-town, have gone to the Adirondacks for

PRINCETON SOCIAL CLUB HAS DAY'S OUTING IN PARK

Automobile Ride Through Park Was Enjoyable Feature

of the most fashionable turnouts I have The Princeton Social Club, of 523 Fairever seen in St. Mark's Church. I have mount avenue, had its second summer out-ing on Sunday at Wissahickon. The enter-tainment committee. Mr. Louis Kleger, Mr. seldom seen a group of bridesmaids more beautifully gowned or who wore handtainment committee. Mr. Louis Kieger, Mr.
Benjamin Greenstein. Mr. Morris Yeager
and Mrs. Louis Greenstein, arranged for
an automobile ride through the Park. There
was also rowing and dancing. The following members were present: Mr. Morris
Yeager, president of the club; Mr. Morris
Clair, Mr. Louis Greenstein, Mr. Maurice
Chair, Mr. Benjamin Greenstein, Mr. somer jewels. It sure was one brilliant affair. Honest to goodness, I did not Yeager, president of the club; Mr. Morrice Clair, Mr. Louis Greena: Mr. Maurice Shloff, Mr. Benjamin Greenstein, Mr. Samuel Farber, Mr. Louis Kleger, Mr. Philip Ulman and Mr. Louis Kendis. The following visitors were also present: Miss Dorothea Stern, Miss Beatrice Davis, Miss TT'S awful the effect engaged people have on others. I met a girl recently, and though I laughed at her, I realized just what was the matter. She said that a girl she knew very well in fact, her most in-Mary Reinberg, Miss Mary Reinberg, Miss Matilda Walker, Miss Lena Rudman, Miss Mollie Laundy, Miss Jennie Yeager and timate friend, had lately become engaged, and said she: "They think they will overcome themselves and gain something for

#### with us to lunch at the Bellevue! and I ANNUAL DINNER AT say, 'Not on your life; I'm no butter in.' MASONIC HOME TONIGHT

The annual dinner to the managers of the Masonic Home at Broad and Ontario streets will be given tonight by Mr. Murdoch Ken-drick in honor of his father, Mr. George W. I thought she was wrong, and still think Kendrick, Jr. The dinner will take place at 5 o'clock, and will be followed by a concert on the lawn given by the Lu Lu Temple Band and Quartet, which will be open to

### Wedding Announced

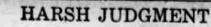
The wedding of Miss Katherine Foster Whitmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Whitmer, and Mr. Charlemagne Tower Wolf was quietly solemnized last evening at the country home of the bride's parents. Farm, Hatboro. Only the immediate families were present at the cere-

## PLAN TO ASSIST SOLDIERS

CHICAGO, July 31. - At the annua meeting of the executive committee of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, presided over by Adolf Kraus, of Chicago, president, plans were made to assist soldiers and their dependent families. Such ums out of the treasury as are not already a nucleus of a fund to be raised for relief



MRS. LOGAN CAMPBELL





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# The Red Mouse

A Story of Love, Jealousy and Politica By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

THE STORY THUS FAR

THE STORY THUS FAR

J. LAWRENCE CHALLONER, who has never done anything worth white and has been accustomed to speading thousands of dollars which his devoted wife. Miriam, has always been willing to give him from hey independent fortune, goes a step too find provided in the case of the process of the properties of the process of the manifold of his appearance as he stage hear the insuit of his appearance as he stage them and the steps of the manifold of his appearance as he stage. The process of the first time to give him the money he demands, and, after pleading in vain, he finally leaves the house and rushes to Cradelbaugh's, a sambling house, in which he has lost much of the money his wife had previously given him.

Wild from the effects of drink, the lack of elegand fear that Colonet Harsraves, a sporting character who follows the race track, may win the affection of Leity Love, the "other woman," upon whom he has spent heavily of the money his wife has given him. Challoner tries to borrow from Penmitan, the blad waiter in Cradelbaugh's. Penmican refuses to make the loan, but tells Challoner that Harsraves has won \$19,000 on the race track and no doubt would give him the money. Leavining that the Colonei was accompanied by Letty Love while at the track, he seem to be a process of the pr of her husband. She knows nothing and is crying in her room when the District Attorney calls. Shirley Bloodgood, with whom he is in love, tries to keep him from seeing Mrs. Challoner, but he insists that he must not shirk his duty. The house is searched by Murgatroyd's detectives, but Challoner is not found there. But soon afterwards he comes home and detectives who were watching the house pounce upon him as soon as he enters and place him under arrest.

CHAPTER VI-(Continued) OH, YES," she acknowledged almost eagerly, as he placed his finger on it. 'there's surely one chamber empty-I see t now."

McGrath hesitated, but Mixley went on: "Will you smell it, please—just the end f it—the muzzle. What do you smell?" Mrs. Challoner smiled faintly. "A Fourth of July smell," she ventured;

"gunpowder, of course."

"Burnt powder, exactly, ma'am," they said, and smiled, too. But McGrath had still another card to play.

"Look at this here figure on this

gun, will you, ma'am? Here—there it is.
I want you to tell me what it is."
"What is it. Shirley?" asked Mirlam,
pringing it closer to the light.
Shirley shook her head.

"I'd rather not."
"Please," asked Mrs. Challoner. Shirley peered at it. Finally she de-"It's '.38'," touching the gun lightly; "the

figures are '.38'."
Mixley fell back admiringly. "There now-no one can say we ain't been fair. You saw us take it from him;

you examined it, and you told us what you say. That's fair. You're fair and we're fair "Yes. But what of it?" asked Shirley and

firiam in one breath. McGrath opened his eyes in mock won

"Why, bless me, didn't you know? This here Colonel Hargraves was shot by a bul-let that came out of a thirty-eight caliber revolver. That's all. We wanted to be

Shirley rubbed vigorously the hand with which she had touched the gun.
"Fair!" she cried bitterly. "And Mr Murgatroyd sanctions such methods-will use us for evidence—make a case by us?"

But even then Miriam did not understand. She was watching Mixley, who had returned to Challoner; watching Mixley and Mc-Grath, who were lifting Challoner up and tropping him-watching them draw him un to a standing posture and then throw him back again on the sofa, calling the while:

"Wake up! Wake up!" "I've got to sleep," was all they could get out of Challoner. At last, however, a lift and a drop a trifle more vigorous than the preceding ones caused Challoner to open his eyes and look bout him. Then he closed them again "Are you James Lawrence Challoner asked Mixley loudly, peremptorily.

"I am." Challoner answered; "now leave And now again the bell; and a mor later Murgatroyd, the prosecutor, stood in the doorway. The heat of much haste was on his brow; he looked neither at Mrs. Challoner nor at Shirley; it was toward Challoner and his men that he directed his

"Has he talked?" Murgatroyd asked, standing over Challoner.
"No," answered the men, "he ain't awake yet."
"Lift him to his feet," ordered the pros

"Lift him to his feet," ordered the prosecutor.

The men did so.
And then it was that the women heard
him say in a tone that cut into their souls:
"Challoner, wake up! This is Murgatroyd, prosecutor of the pleas." It was a
summons: Challoner obeyed it. He opened
his eyes, closed them, yawned stupidly and
thes, awake, stood squarely on his feet
without any help.
"Fallo, Murratroyd!" he said.

emember that I am not here as your

friend—I am the presecutor, do you hear?"
"I understand," said Challoner.
"Very well then," went on Murgatroyd,
"you know why I am here. You are charged —I charge you now, Challoner, with the murder of Colonel Richard Hargraves. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," was Challoner's reply, "You want to take me into custody? All right—only let me sleep when I get there, will you? !—"

"Wat a printle Challoner"

"Wait a minute. Challener." persisted Murgatroyd. "It's my duty to inform you that anything you say will be used against

you. You must not forget that I am the

"Oh, Laurie, dear, don't say anything, just yet," she cried in alarm. Shiriey seconded her warning, saying

"Don't say h word to Mr. Murgatroyd until you have seen a lawyer. Challoner, still sullen, looked over his houlder at his wife.

"Who's saying all this? Only a lot of women—what do they know?" And turn-ing back to Murgatroyd: "See here, Murgatroyd, let's get this straight, shall we?" And he looked him full in the eye. "You're the prosecutor—and anything I say will be used against me. Is that right? Well, this little matter is just as simple as A B C." And suddenly drawing himself up to his full height he went on in a loud, clear

waited for Richard Hargrayes "I warned you," cried Murgatroyd,

stretching forth a hand.

Challoner scornfully refused to listen.

" and when I found him—"
be glarped about him defiantly and gave
an imitation of a man taking aim and
shooting. "There, now, you know the

Murgatroyd turned to his two men. "It's a case of willful, deliberate, pre-mediated murder—murder in the first de-

"Oh, Mr. Challoner," she cried, spring-ing forward, "why did you tell him?" "Come on!" Challoner called out gruffly to the men. "Take me away!" He did not even glance at his wife, who clung to the girl and sobbed on her breast.

The prosecutor nodded to his subordinates and immediately they selzed Challoner by the arm and started toward the door.
"No, no," cried Miriam, tearing herself

from Shirley's hold, "don't take him away ! And again and again with all the force left in her: "No! No! No!—Oh, Laurie!——" The doors closed behind the man. Then Mirlam sank down upon the soiled sofa where he had lain and sobbed as though her heart would break.

ON THE morning after Challoner's arsitting at his desk in his private office in the courthouse when Mixley and McGrath

"You've done as I instructed? You've got Challoner outside?" the prosecutor asked. The men replied in the affirmative.

"Bring him in," commanded Murgatroyd, In a few minutes they returned with the risoner. Challoner looked better than he had the night before. In a thoroughly impersonal way, curtly, but not unpleasant-iy. Murgatroyd addressed htm.

"Good morning! How do you feel?"
The prisoner, still half man. growled—
"Better. I got some sleep, but I'm still tired as thunder." red as thunder."
"I sent for you this morning," went on
e prosecutor, "because of what you said

last night. I am not sure that you meant all you said-indeed whether you remember

This interrogation evidently Challoner as amusingly superfluous, for he

of aching bravado.
"Of course, I remember it." he said presently, and pointing with a steady forefinger to a weapon on the prosecutor's desk, "I shot him with that gun there."

Murgatroyd could not restrain a move-ment of surprise at Challoner's sang froid neither could those trained witnesses, Mixley and McGrath, leaning well forward lest they should miss a word.

"Most decidedly, then," continued the prosecutor, "you do not recall that I told you that anything you might say would..."

"I heard all you said," the prisoner broke the prosecutor of the prisoner broke the prisoner broke the characters of the prisoner broke.

in, shrugging his shoulders, "but what's the use—it had to come—I knew it. I was getting tired of hiding in out-of-the-way places, and never having a wink of sleep. Besides, I knew that Pemmican—Cradle-baugh's man—saw the whole affair. There was no sense in trying to escape. Murgatroyd's face adequately expressed his approval of the prisoner's point of view.

His voice, however, was distinctly none

mittal in tone when he observed easily:
"Pemmican saw it all, then?"
"Certainly he did." Challoner volunteered. There was a short pause, in which the prosecutor turned over some papers lying on his desk; when he spoke again he did so without looking up from the documents

"I haven't examined Permican—my have, though," he said. "I've got have, though," he said. "I've got him under lock and key; he's in the house of detention; and he'll have to stay there

Challoner moistened his lips.
"Until my trial, I suppose," he in
"Poor devil! That's hard lines!"

"Poor devil! That's hard lines!"
The prosecutor ignored the comment, but he reminded the prisoner again that he must be careful not to say anything that could be used against him, concluding with: "You came here from the jail quite willingly this morning?"
"Don't you think we can cut all that sore of thing cut, Mr. Prosecutor?" a little cornfully.

stance at his men as if to sharpen their attention, "Very well, then," he said finally, "if "Very well, then." he said finally, "If you're quite willing I should like to know the exact details. As I understand it, both Hargraves and you were fatally infatuated with an actress at the Frivolity—quarreled over her—is that right."

Challoner reddened. For an instant a wild look came into his eyes.
"Surely there is no necessity of bringing any other names into this," he answered holly; and then little by little calming down he recounted graphically all the in-

hotty; and then little by little caiming down he recounted graphically all the in-cidents leading to and of that memorable night, saying in conclusion:

And then Room A at Cradle-

baugh's and-A most unusual performance on the part

of the prosecutor cut him short. All the time Challoner had been laying bare the facts as he remembered them, Murgatroyd been toying silently with a pigskin had been toying silently with a pigskin wallet on which appeared in gold the initials. "R. H.": and just when his prisoner was on the point of ending his story, he tossed it over to him.

Challoner caught it "on the fly."

"Do you recognize that?" Murgatroyd demanded. The prosecutor desired, if possible, to add robbery to the motive in the case.

Challoner never winked an eyelash.

"Know it?" he replied glibly, "I should think I did! It was Hargraves's. When I saw it last there was ten thousand dollars in it." And turning it almost inside out, he asked in offhand manner:

"Where's the money gone?"

Murgatroyd's eyes searched the face of the man before him as if he would read his very soul.

the man belore his his very soul.

"You took it." he asserted coldly.

Challoner passed his hand across his face, striving to clear away his muddled

"I took it? Decidedly not!" he exclaimed

"I took it? Decidedly not!" he exclaimed indignantly. But the man's dipsomaniacal doubts and fears tinged the tone of his voice and lessened the impressiveness of his denial, though he added: "Why, your witness, Femmican, can tell you that—he saw the whole thing."

Mixley and McGrath had something to the control of the wanted particular.

say now. In chorus they wanted particu-larly to know whether Challoner was posi-tive that Pemmican saw "the whole thing." tive that Pemmican saw "the whole thing. This joint interrogation seemed to have ar irritating effect on the prisoner, and when Murgatroyd silenced them by inquiring of Challoner whether it was not a fact that he had tried to borrow money all over town the "Yes" he elicited was muttered angrily

(Convright by Dodd, Mead & Co.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

### BEES "UPSET" AUTOMOBILE

HANOVER, Pa., July 31.—Mrs. Theodore louck, of Pleasant Hill, broke her wrist and Mr. and Mrs. Murtus Mummert, also of Pleasant Hill, narrowly escaped serious alury, when the party, while on an autonobile trip, was attacked by a swarm of

The insects came upon the autoists unexpectedly and before the machine could be stopped the driver lost control of it. The top and windshield of the car were demolished and the occupants were thrown out. They were all stung by the bees.

## FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

TRIFLES

My Dears-Today I should like to introduce to you a very well-known Italian by the name of Michelangelo. He was the gentleman who said "Trifles make Perfection and Perfection is no Trifle."

De you know how many Italians have we can remember for at least one thing. Michelangelo used to spend hours per-fecting a trifle; that is, what might seem a trifle to us. He would take infinite pains to shape a finger on one of his statues, or a day or more to giving the right twist to a painted curl on one of his canvases. Again, he would spend hours in perfecting

the lines of a poem.

What would have happened had he said to himself, "Oh, pshaw! nobody will notice that finger or that curl or the wrong meter in my poem." Why has his name gone down into history? Because he took infinite

pains. When you write me a letter which is full of mistakes, you make me do the work, which is unfair.

A genius is a person who has an infinite capacity for taking pains,
Your loving editor,
FARMER SMITH.

STRANGE ADVENTURES

# OF BILLY BUMPUS

THE RINGMASTER By Farmer Smith

The paride was over and the ringmas-er was standing beside the clown talking to him, while Billy Bumpus listened. "It's all your fault," said the clown.

"Not at all," replied the ringmaster. That was the best advertisement we could have. The whole town is talking about what our elephant did to your goat." "My goat?

"Yes, YOUR goat. Who else does he belong to?" The ringmaster leaned back and laughed so loud he could be heard all over the tent "If he is my goat, I will take him out and turn him loose on the world," answered

the clown. "I think we had better keep him, for he nakes a hit with the children, and that s what we week."

The clown looked very solemn and said:
"I hope he plays a trick on you some lone."

Billy smiled another smile, but, of course, the ringmaster did not know it. Billy was so glad to escape a beating that he went off to the clown's quarters without looking

either to one side or the other. He remained quiet for the rest of the

then he got restless.

The band began to crash and the procession started toward the center of the big tent, which was called the "Big Top" by the people of the circus. Suddenly he clown, Billy's owner, rushed into the ring with a whoop! which made even Billy look up with astonishment. Then he looked up with astonishment. Then he looked around and discovered that he was not

"Carelessness !" This was his only comment as he started rough the flag-draped entrance and into the big tent.

No one seemed to notice him. The ringmaster was busy directing the grand page-ant of milk-white horses, ridden by knights and ladies in brilliant costumes. Billy Bumpus looked at it all and ad-mired as only a goat can admire, but most of all the ringmaster caught his at-

tention.
"I guess I'll go and tickle his coat tails, thought Billy.
Now, the ringmaster, with high hat and flowing coat talls, was about the busiest man on earth and so he did not see Billy Bumpus as he cautiously came up behind Rilly took care that the ringmaster

which he carried.
"I can't imagine what would appen if that fellow got rude and hit me with that terrible whip," said Billy, giggling to him-

self.
Everybody was laughing by this time,
and the ringmaster thought the audience
was delighted at the pageant, but he did
not see a figure following him wherever Quickly the ringmaster blew his whistle and the moving horses stopped. Then he blew it again and the white steeds pranced into the three rings with their gayly dressed

where did that noise come from?
Billy wondered. Then, right in front of him, he saw the ringmaster's whistle. Billy had never tasted a whistle and so he reached for it and—
Faster and faster the horses went in the ring. Suddenly the ringmaster felt for his whistle.

It was gone!

It was gone!

# AGAIN SEEN AT SHORE

Costumes Once Forbidden on Strand Make Hot Weather Debut

ATLANTIC CITY, July 31.

Bathing at all hours is now in vogue at the shore, and thousands find relief from the intense heat by enjoying the cooling effects of old ocean, which today was in the "pink of condition." The intense chill, which has been more or less prevalent the greater part of the summer was tempered, and the sea was clean and clear.

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The yacht clubs are the centers of activity, and bridge parties at sea are the most popular of all the shore diversions. A large party was held at the Atlantic City Yacht Club yesterday afternoon. The prizes were silver cheese knives. A card party will be held at the Chelsea Tacht Club Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Franz Erhlich, Jr., have

issued cards for a dinner-dance to be given at the Chelsea Yacht Club Monday even-ing, August 6. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Loeb will entertain a large company at the dinner-dance to be given at the Chelsea Yacht Club Wednesday evening, August 11. Mrs. Charles F. Bonsor will give a lunch-eon and bridge next Monday at her Longport villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Huckenstein gave Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Huckenstein gave a dinner party on the Breaker terrace for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Miss Hester Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Lester I. Dingee, Miss Charlotte Huckenstein. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gruber are en-tertaining Miss Mary Hughes at their sea-shore apartments.

Hill, motored to the Breakers for the week

end.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Edgar Dreher and Mr. and Mrs. William Erb entertained at their bungalow at Margate for Miss Harriet Pressey, of Hampton Roads.

Dr. and Mrs. Roman are spending the summer at the Mariborough-Blenheim.

Cornellus Stevenson spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. Frederick Mason, at the Dennis.

Dennis.

Mrs. D. W. Mackelduff, Miss Sara L.

Harding and C. H. Harding, of Overbrook,
have apartments at the Chalfonte for the



Fairmount Park Band, Strawberry Man-Philadelphia Band, City Hall Plaza, 8

Municipal Band, H and Gilham streets, Lawndale, 8 o'clock. Free, Memorial in honor of birthdays of George W. Kendrick and General Louis Wagner, Masonic Home. Invitation.



FREDERICK WARDE In First Presentation of "The Vicar of Wakefield" Thurs. Fri., Sat., BRYANT WASHBURN Initial Showing of "THE GOLDEN FOOL" Commencing September 10—Goldwyn Pictures First Production—MAE MARSH in "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. 10c, 20c

William Fox VALESKA SURATT Wife Number Two Presenting "The Empress of Fashion" in a role which enables her best to display the dramatic talent and gowns for which she has become famous.

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 16TH 10:15 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45 4 9:45 P. M. CHARLES RAY "SUDDEN JIM" Adapted from Story of Same Name

REGENT MARKET Below 17TH
11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
Daily, 10c; Evgs., 18c.
ANITA STEWART

in "THE MESSAGE OF THE MOUSE"



9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ALL THIS WEEK First Presentation of the METRO Special

Production De Luxe **Emily Stevens** Surpasses All Her Wonderful Successes of Screen and Stage in

THE SLACKER A BIG PATRIOTIC DRAMA WITHOUT BATTLE SCENES

Emily Smiley & Company
"THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUNDS"
With ELMER BRENDELL CROSS KEYS DAILY, 2:80-10c

"BEAUX AND BELLES" F. KEITH'S THEATRE CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS
ALBERTINA RASCH & CO.
HERBERT CLIFTON
NONETTE: MR. & MRS. MSL. BURNS;
IULLEN & COOGAN; WARD & CULLEN

Today at 2, 25c & 50c: Tonight at 8, 25c to 61 Arcadia Ice Palace

Widener Building See the scenic spiender of St. Morti Enjoy the refreshing and inviscosing DANCING EVERT TYPE TO

